

Huntingdon, Pa., Dec. 17.—The conspiracy case of Dr. I. N. W. Irvine, the deposed rector of St. John's Episcopal Church here, against Bishop Talbot and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Elliott of Huntingdon for \$53,000 damages ended yesterday when, on motion of the attorneys for the defense the court instructed the jury to render a verdict of acquittal.

The kettle never simmers on the hearthstone any more.
We have given up the sacred fireside;
The kitten never sleeps before the back log on the floor,
And the spinning wheel has stopped since grandma died;
But the poet, in his fancy, sees the "family circle" yet,
And blithely sings the glory of his dream.
While the artist takes his pencil and is happy to forget
That the fireside has given way to steam.
The boiler and the furnace are in no degree sublime.
The scornful bard refuses to ennoble them in rhyme.
And the artist never turns
With his brush to such concerns:
They have spoiled the family circle of the splendid olden time."

Still, the preacher gravely preaches of the sacred fireside,
Forgetting that long since it ceased to be,
Forgetting that the people he is preaching to abide
Where janitors are lords of all they see!

Oh, the fireside is only a blind mantel on the wall.
The logs that used to crackle blaze no more;
No more fantastic shadows over old rag carpets fall.
The hearthstone's but a grating in the floor.
The good old ways are ended and the charm of them has fled.
No "fireside" remains to lure us now:
No more, alas! does father have to clamber out of bed
To light the logs while mother tells him how.
Little Willie doesn't have to carry billets in at night.
Or, caving, chop kindling nowadays—
Stay!—that's but the steam pipe thumping—
'tis no time for flight or fright—
We have given up the old poetic ways.

Oh, a fancy screen is standing as an ornament before
The walled and plastered place that was the fireside of yore—
The wind is howling "Woo-o-o-o!"
But no flames leap up the flue,
And the hearthstone's just a grating in the floor.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A BARGAIN IN KISSES.

BY TOM MASSON.

HERE was a flutter of expectancy as the minister's daughter came into the little back meeting room off the main floor of the church, where the members of the committee, the majority of them young and pretty, all stood talking at once.

Something was going on. In through the half open door could be heard a buzz of people, and an expert in such matters, if he had passed by and even casually looked within, would have known that a church fair was in progress.

It was, indeed, the annual church fair, held under the auspices of the Young Women's Guild, and this year the minister's daughter was in charge of the proceedings. Her father, away on his vacation, had called her into his study before his departure and appealed to her very strongly to "do her share." And so she had suddenly announced her determination to take an active part, much to the surprise of everyone, as up to the present time she had been more interested in playing golf than in spiritual matters, and had even been called a "regular tomboy" by certain recalcitrant beings in old-fashioned bonnets.

"She will make a failure of it!" announced Mrs. Minty, the official critic of the minister's family. "That girl is too hairbrained, and besides, what does she know about such matters? She wouldn't be seen in church half the time if common decency didn't make her go."

"That's so," assented Mrs. Dickster. "All she cares about are the men and outdoor sports, anyhow."

And now when the fair was half over it began to seem as if these predictions were to be fulfilled. The booths combined had taken in barely \$50, and to send those poor children away for the summer—for the minister's daughter, with a fine scorn of foreign missions, had insisted that charity should begin at home—seemed a desperate chance, and at this particular moment it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle would swell the receipts for the next two hours.

The minister's daughter stepped to the table where the chairman usually presided. There was a sudden hush. She looked over her auditors a moment with a calm, penetrating gaze.

"Girls," she said, "we have got to be kissed!"

A chorus of "O's" and feminine screams and protests was her answer.

"There is no help for it," she continued. "We must raise a lot of money before this night is over. Now, my plan is this: We will all stand up and be kissed at auction, one at a time, to the highest bidder. Now, girls, don't go back on me. Remember, it's in a good cause. How many can I count on?"

There was a pause; a hand was raised—another, and then another.

In ten minutes more eight exceedingly pretty girls, headed by one who was prettier than all of them, filed into the main room and grouped themselves about a chair. One of them stood up in the chair, to which this legend was attached:

This Young Lady Will Be
Kissed at Auction.
How Much
Will You Give?

It would probably be difficult, not to say impossible, to explain why this startling and sensational news should spread so rapidly through a whole parish. But that such was the case is a stern fact. Young men, idling away their time at the club, knew it in fifteen minutes, and started in a body for the scene of the auction. Other young men, who had not been to church for years, hurried from their telephones into their best clothes with all the haste demanded of the volunteer fire department. It spread even as far as Mike Dady's gambling establishment, and caused that astute individual to prick up his ears in an unusual degree. For one ignored to that sort of staidism

that the roulette table fosters. And so there was a kissing game going on at the church, led by the minister's daughter herself. Here was a fine chance to get even. Mike had had to close up his place for several weeks because of a scathing sermon preached by this same clergyman, and the remembrance of it still rankled.

"Here, boy," he said to a tall, fresh-looking youth of seventeen, handing him a roll of bills. "You go over to the church fair, and if the sky pilot's daughter is going to be paid for a sweet kiss, push up in front and bid up. Don't let anyone else get it, to the limit of your wad—understand? I'll be there in time."

The boy, fresh and fair and innocent looking—as the run of boys in "gilded bells" are apt to be—was off in a trice, and in ten minutes more had added his individual unit to the circle around the main centre of osculatory interest.

It is highly probable that if such a really scandalous proceeding as this auction had been premeditated and advertised beforehand it would have been promptly squashed by the pillars of the church. But the suddenness of it took the critics off their feet, and it was well in hand and "going on" before anyone had time to take breath.

The minister's daughter was the auctioneer. A bamboo cane, with a strip of red bunting on it, was her wand of service. Tall and stately and beautiful, her eyes flashing with the fun, she stood by the chair and waved her flag.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," she cried, "here is Miss Kitty Jones. How much am I offered for a sweet kiss? What! Only \$2? For shame! Do you appreciate what you are getting? Five, did you say? Now make it six. Six it is. Seven from the gentleman on the right. Seven, seven, seven—eight, eight—will some one make it nine? That's right. You'll never regret it. Nine, nine. Now ten. That's better. Ten it is. Come, gentlemen, bid up."

The excitement ran high. Deacon Bradbury Simpkins, forgetting what fate awaited him at home, bid \$10 on Susie Perkins, whom his good wife had once designated as "sassy." Rudd Castleton, the best golf player in town, was a great help in "bidding up," and so also were Jack Clubberly and Billy Sparks.

The ninth and last girl was none other than the minister's daughter herself. On the table by her side lay a collection box, holding over \$200, the proceeds of this unusual traffic. Perhaps the consciousness that she had succeeded, that those poor little "lots" would get their outing, was enough to make her oblivious of herself.

At any rate, she was calm and beautifully collected as she stepped on the chair, disdaining the helping hand that a spectator held out to her.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "with your kind permission I will be my own auctioneer, and I will spare you the usual compliments. I am here to raise all the money I can for the poor children, and I am selling a kiss to the highest bidder. How much am I offered?"

"Twenty-five dollars,"
"The first bid, ladies and gentlemen, is \$25. Who will make it thirty? Thirty it is, thirty, thirty—thirty-five, thirty-five. Is thirty-five the highest bid?"
The tall, innocent youth now stepped to the front. It is but justice to the boys from the club to say they did not recognize him.

"I'll make it forty," he said.
The auctioneer was unmoved.
"I am offered \$40," she said. "Gentlemen, bid up. Forty, forty, forty—going at forty—going, going, gone. Young man, the kiss is yours at \$40."

There was a slight pause, a flutter of interest. This nice-looking, gentlemanly appearing boy, with \$40 to bid for a single kiss—who was he? At any rate, it didn't matter much, he was only a boy.

"What a relief," whispered one of the committee, "to think her reputation has been saved by a young thing like that. Why, it doesn't mean anything."

to be kissed by him. An act of providence, I verily believe!"

Almost as if in reply the boy turned half around, as the figure of Mike Dady slowly forced its way through the circle.

"I was bidding for some one else," said the boy, holding out the money.

"Yes," said Mike, his cool, insolent eyes sweeping the crowd. "He was bidding for me. He was my—what do you call it?—proxy. I'll take the kiss, if you please."

A dead silence—an awful pause.

For the first time that evening a flush spread over the face of the minister's daughter—a flush that made its way from her firmly rounded throat up over her cheeks to the line of fair hair on her forehead.

She looked around the crowd almost appealingly. Was there no one to help her in this dilemma? Suddenly her eye lighted on a figure that stood half concealed from view—a short, squat figure—and there came to her voice a ring of triumph.

"You shall be paid," she said. "The money, please."

It was handed to her, and she put the bills in the box.

Then she turned to the figure she had seen—the old family colored cook, black as the ace of spades, who had come to witness "de proceedin's." "Come here, mammy," she whispered, and drawing her close and putting her arms around her, she kissed the black face a resounding smack.

Then she turned to the gambler. "And here," she said, "is my proxy. Take your pay, sir!"—Brandur Magazine.

Colors Wrong Side Up.

Miss Nellie Regan, a young teacher in charge of a flock of youngsters at a little red school house near Croton, received an unexpected visit from Senator Depew, on Tuesday, according to the Yonkers Statesman. Mr. Depew was driving from the Croton railroad station to Palmer's Hotel. As he passed along the highway he saw the school house, and looked to see if the flag was flying. The emblem was waving in the breeze, but Mr. Depew noticed that the Stars and Stripes were upside down. The Senator climbed up the hill to the school house. The children were at their studies. Miss Regan came to the door. "My dear Miss, please excuse me," said the Senator, as he stood smiling, hat in hand. "I was passing this way recalling the scenes of my childhood days among these beautiful hills and valleys of yours, when I noticed that the flag in front of your school was upside down. In my official position I feel that I have a right to inquire about it." "I know it's all wrong," stammered the young teacher, calling Mr. Depew by name, "but I couldn't help it. The halcyons were broken, and we couldn't hoist it right side up, so, rather than not have it up at all, the boys put it wrong side up." Mr. Depew called Miss Regan a brave American girl, and said that she had the right spirit. Then he made a speech to the children, telling them of the importance of patriotism and the significance of the flag.

A Development of the Editor.

An essay on "The Boston Newspapers" in the Bookman throws some light on the development of the modern editorial. The earlier newspapers had no editorials. Attempts to mould public opinion took the form of letters signed "Publius," "Junius" and like Latin names, such, for instance, as the letters which make up the Federalist. The writer in the Bookman claims for Boston the honor of originating the present editorial form. The Boston Daily Advertiser and Repository, the first successful Boston daily, was founded in 1813, and the next year passed into the hands of Nathan Hale, nephew of the spy of the Revolution. Hale began to substitute leading articles written in the office for those formerly furnished by the stalwart Romans, "Fabius," "Honestus," "Novus Anglus," "Laco" and "Massachusetts." The fashion set by the Advertiser was widely copied, and at length became general. Mr. Hale came to take such pride in his innovation that when distinguished men like Everett and Webster offered articles for use as editorials he insisted on printing them as communications. Only the staff men were allowed to write the regular editorial comment.

Turkeys as Star Witnesses.

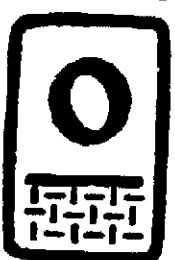
A modern Solomon's judgment, approved by a flock of turkeys, after the decision had been referred for final adjudication to the latter, has just come from Lower Providence township. The flock of birds in question had strayed from their own farm home, as turkeys will, and had been cooped up by the distant neighbor on whose fence rails they roosted.

A warrant, a trial before a Justice of the Peace and a proposition from the real owner to let the birds settle the question for themselves, prevailed. "I'll forfeit the lot if they don't go home," proposed the owner.

"And so you shall," responded the Justice. "Turn them loose."
The liberated turkeys, as if they appreciated the weight of their new legal responsibility, went in a bee-line to their home roosts; and judgment was entered for the plaintiff.—Philadelphia Record.

Americans Are Forest Lovers

By Eben Greenough Scott.

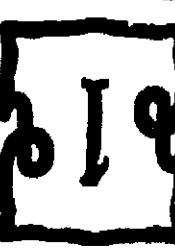


F all the forest-loving races of Europe, none has sought the woods for the woods' sake, like unto the English-speaking people; nor has ever afforded the spectacle of an annual migration to the wilderness in such magnitude as do the Americans of to-day. They go with the eagerness of hounds loosed from the leash, and buoyant with the spirit of adventure, accept adventure's strokes or rewards with the indifference or delight of a knight of La Mancha. Nor have the Americans stayed at the mere enjoyment of their adventure; they have embodied it in their literature. They have been the first people to introduce into fiction the life, savage and civilized, of the forest, and to portray in classical accents the real life of the woods, the lakes, and the plains. Their first novelist of reputation, Cooper, laid his scenes in the forests of the upper Hudson, of the Susquehanna, and in the Oak Openings of Michigan; Irving descends the Big Horn in a bull-boat, and follows the adventurers across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains, and through the desolation of Snake River to the Oregon; and Parkman, enlightened by his tribeship with the Ogalallas, has ended history with the spirit of the wilderness, and has drawn inspiration from its woods and streams.

The greatest and best of the Americans, their writers, poets, philosophers and statesmen, all have worshiped Great Pan in his groves. Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz made annual pilgrimages to the woods; Webster composed a part of his Bunker Hill Monument oration on a trout stream; death overtook Governor Russell on the banks of a salmon river; and the present President of the United States was called out of the Adirondacks to assume his office; while President Harrison, the moment his duties were done, turned his back on the White House and sought repose in a cabin on the Fulton Chain. These are a few only of the worthies of our land out of the great number who have hied to the woods for rest, recreation, observation and inspiration; who, indeed, have gone into the woods for the woods' sake. We can say of the American forest what Jacques du Bois said of the forest of Arden: Men of great worth resorted to this forest every day.

Imaginary Crimes

By Major Richard Sylvester, Superintendent of the Washington (D. C.) Police.



N every walk of life we meet with queer and at times surprising experiences, but the police hear and see more that tends to question humanity than employees in any other line of work.

It seems strange, but nevertheless it is true, that persons have dreams and hallucinations which are reported to the police as facts for investigation. Dreaming of robbers, they have awakened suddenly with all the excitement and alarm that would attach to a genuine case, fired revolvers at the supposed intruder and only been reconciled to their mistake after close inquiry proves it such.

I know of a case where it was reported that a burglar knocked at the bedroom door before entering to carry off money and valuables. There was another instance of a prominent official of the Government who, while experiencing the wildest horrors in his sleep, jumped out of bed and fought the bedpost, imagining that he was attacked by burglars, and the exhaustion which followed his midnight defense was as great as if he had actually encountered marauders. This gentleman had seen service in the Mexican War and through the Civil War, and has hand-to-hand encounters which, however, were attended with hardly more serious results than the imaginary conflict.

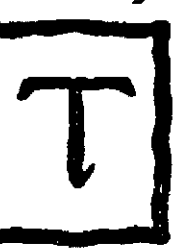
The greatest imposition is that which occurs a great many times a year when persons who cannot or do not want to pay their just debts report that they have been robbed of sums of money. They will prearrange to give color to the truth of their report, but are generally found out in the end.

A man has been known to have reported being held up by footpads in order to avoid paying out part of his income to his wife, and all kinds of losses have occurred to those who courted the sympathy of creditors about the first of the month.

The public should not believe everything they read and hear about burglaries and highway robberies, for many of the cases so reported, after investigation, are shown to be without foundation.

America's Great Future.

By President Roosevelt.



THE world has never seen more marvellous prosperity than that which we now enjoy, and this prosperity is not ephemeral. We shall have our ups and downs. The wave at times will recede, but the tide will go steadily higher. This country has never yet been called upon to meet a crisis in war or a crisis in peace to which it did not eventually prove equal, and decade by decade its power grows greater and the likelihood of its meeting successfully any crisis becomes even more assured.

We are optimists. We spurn the teachings of despair and distrust. We have an abiding faith in the growing strength, the growing future of the mighty young nation still in the flush of its youth and yet already with the might of a giant which stands on a continent and grasps an ocean with either hand.

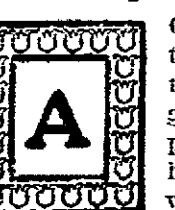
Succeed? Of course we shall succeed. How can success fail to come to a race of masterful energy and resolute character, which has a continent for the base of its domain, and which feels within its veins the thrill that comes to generous souls when their strength stirs in them and they know that the future is theirs.

No great destiny ever yet came to a nation whose people were laggards or faint-hearted. No great destiny ever yet came to a people walking with their eyes on the ground and their faces shrouded in gloom. No great destiny ever yet came to a people who feared the future, who feared failure more than they hoped for success. With such as these we have no part.

We know there are dangers ahead, as we know there are evils to fight and overcome, but we feel to the full that pulse of the prosperity which we enjoy. Stout of heart we see across the dangers the great future that lies beyond, and we rejoice as a giant refreshed, as a strong man girt for the race; and we go down into the arena where the nations strive for mastery, our hearts lifted with the faith that to us and to our children and our children's children it shall be given to make this Republic the greatest of all the peoples of mankind.

Why Country Boys Succeed

By John Gilmer Speed.



COUNTRY-boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggles of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest hindrances a city boy has to contend with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him until he begins the real business of life—a business which each individual must carry on for himself. For the city boy everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his teens. Brought up in the feverish rush of a place where great things are happening day by day, he sees the world with a cynic's eyes and despises the small things which, like the bricks in a house, go to the upbuilding of characters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value he has little taste and scant regard.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something not only interesting but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is too apt cynically to question the value of doing anything, and ask, "What is the use?"

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

She is an Admiral.

There is only one lady in the world who has the distinction of being an Admiral in the Russian Navy, Queen Olga of Greece. This honor was conferred upon her by the late Emperor on account of her knowledge of nautical affairs, and of her interest in Russian seamen. In this respect she excels her husband, King George, for although he served for some time in the British Navy he never attained any high rank.

Worked Her Own Mine.

Mrs. Kay, who recently struck it rich in her mine in Arizona, worked a long time for her success. Her husband was a hard working man, but there was nothing left out of his wages when the family had been provided for to develop her claim. So she developed it herself when she had time from her housework. She handled the drill and hammer, put in the charges and wheeled out the debris after the explosion. She worked in this way for a long time. A few months ago, when she went back into her tunnel after a round of shots, she found a vein opened and big chunks of ore bearing rock lying about. Now she has a force of men under her and is making money, it is said.

Adjusting the Baby's Diet.

The second year of childhood, dreaded by all mothers as the most trying in the baby's life, is rendered more so by the difficulty of adjusting the diet for a proper transition from milk to solid food. The tenement house mother of the New York foreign ward solves the question very promptly and simply by setting the youngster at the table with the rest and bestowing upon him sauerkraut, watermelon and any other delectable dainty that may happen along. Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin, one of the professors at the New York Post Graduate School and Hospital, gives the following menu for the second year:

Fruits of various kinds are early allowable, such as apple sauce, baked apple, stewed dried apples, stewed prunes and orange juice. The skins of fruits should never be given. All vegetables should be cooked until as tender as asparagus tips.

Begin the year with one soft, semi-solid meal a day, to take the place of one bottle. Gradually add a second and third meal. A good mixture for the very first solid food is stale bread crumbs or zwieback soaked in hot water and served in milk. A fresh egg, boiled for two minutes and mixed with crumbs, is good, and cereals cooked to a jelly and served in milk. Choose the highest grades of oats, which have less husk, and change from one cereal to another for variety.

Meat broths, preferably mutton or chicken, may begin the second year. Between eighteen months and two years the meats may begin, sparingly and always finely minced. Scraped beef, rare roast beef, broiled steak or mutton chops, roast lamb, the white meat of the chicken, and fresh fish, boiled or broiled, may be given, in amounts varying with the amount of exercise and outdoor life the child gets. No fried food or tea, coffee or beer should be allowed. Any succulent vegetable, very thoroughly cooked, or any milk pudding, may be given. At the beginning of the second year the baby will want one night bottle, and a child can have a bottle once or twice a day if he cares for it until he is three or four years old. New articles of food should be introduced into the baby's diet tentatively. Find out what his Majesty thrives on and let him have it. A great variety is not necessary.—New York Tribune.

The Perfect Woman.

Many a woman has spent her time wondering what trait in her sex man most admires. The subject has been discussed and haggled over for centuries to no purpose. The only thing the poor woman can think now is that a man wants her to be everything that he for the moment desires and nothing that he does not.

It is said that no man having seen Helen of Troy, could her in like terms. She appeared to each as the personification of his ideal, and each therefore worshiped her.

What should a woman be to be all to a man? Constancy, faithfulness, truth and honesty always command admiration, to say nothing of respect, but a man will perhaps say: "Give me the woman who is all devotion, whose love is dependent and who is trusting."

The subject was discussed at a tea the other afternoon by three women, one of whom mentioned the last sentence. One of the others said:

"Oh, yes, that's very nice when another man will say, 'I prefer the woman who paddles her own canoe,' who depends upon her own resources, as you know."

Said the third: "How flattening it is, isn't it, to hear a man say: 'Give me the woman who is good, but not prudish; who loves a good time, but tempers it with good judgment.' That's the kind of man I hate—who thinks women are for amusement, nothing else."

Just then two men came near, and one of the women turned around and said, "Mr. Blank, what trait do you most admire in a woman?" This came with such a bombshell effect that the man seemed dazed, but being newly engaged that fact may have had something to do with his manner. The man who was with him turned around and said:

"If you want my opinion I'll be very glad to give it—that is, if you want an unbiased opinion. I might begin by telling the things I don't admire, and then you could judge of what I do, but I won't do that. So I will merely say that she must be unselfish, constant, not jealous, honest, intuitive and, above all, love me more than any one in the world, which will be the best of all."

The three women looked at each other, and one said, "What a pity it is that he wants one of the heavenly band, for there's no woman on this rain soaked earth that will suit his high mightiness."—New York Journal.

Jewels and the Individual.

"I like jewelry that is characteristic," she said, as she toyed nonchalantly with her chain of grayish silver and coral and smiled complacently over her brooch of Nova Scotia crystals, set in dull metals by a clever art jeweler of Halifax. "I value jewelry in proportion to its unusualness. It must have a meaning for the wearer alone, and it must, above all, be something different from that worn by other women."

"I know a woman who has a set of things I frankly covet. They are made of copper. There is a big Oriental bangle with panthers' heads on snakes' bodies; there is a big clasp for the throat of a cloak, a buckle for the waist, and a hat pin. She has deep red hair, and she wears coppery clothes, and is a joy to my eye. Another lucky woman has a pendant with a big pear-shaped cabochon carbuncle hung from a piece of gold and crimson enamel-work, with a drop beneath it formed of an irregular pearl. She has a brooch shaped something like a scarab, with its round back made of a carbuncle. She has another hanging from a bangle, and an art nouveau comb, with another two or three gleaming redly in her fair hair. I know another woman with a tourmaline which is just the color of her eyes—greenish hazel. It is table cut and quite square, and hangs from a couple of gold chains caught at the throat by a single diamond. I myself have a silver set which I am rather fond of. And old embossed cross, such as were wickedly made from the clasps of antique books, which depends from a black velvet ribbon, just held below the throat with a heart-shaped silver slide, and there is a long clasp for the waist in three pieces so as to fit the curve of the figure, and a big silver pin for the hair, which has cleverly escaped looking like a skewer or a paper cutter."

"In the days when the flat golden hearts were all too common I had one made, but with a difference, with a monogram, pierced, inside the outer rim, and I have never seen another like it. I heard of somebody the other day who collected little old oval paste buckles, and when she had enough had them made into a chain-like collar to fit round her throat over a velvet band. I saw a very pretty pair of ear-rings the other day, a recrudescence of the old style—long crystal drops hanging from a ball of crystal with the least gold setting possible. I don't suppose I should wear them—as ear-rings—if I had them, but I covet them just the same."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

—Pretty— Things— to Wear.

Dark velvet coats come with moire skirts of a light color.

Some of the choicest new costumes have blouses to match.

Metal rimmed buttons of cloth or kid to match a garment are very smart.

Black and white, all black, pale blue and green, seem to be the favorite colors for ties.

Full-length one-piece lace stoles of a plastron-like shape half cover choice imported evening dresses.

Large white tulle bows, with polka dots of green velvet, are worn at the base of the neckband in front.

A bunch of cords with dangling pendants is caught to the upper left front of the modish blouse or other coat.

The monogram buckle is the latest style for the Colonial shoe. It is made of gun metal, with the monogram of sterling silver.

The style in shoes has changed greatly. Heels are much higher, toes more pointed and the curve at the instep more pronounced.

The pleated skirt, with side pleats or shallow box pleats, is evidently first favorite, and all indications point to it as the popular winter model.

A smart little reefer coat of tan cloth is double breasted and curved in at the sides. It is an exception to the prevailing mode, but is extremely chic.

French jackets of light weight covert cloth are made with double-breasted, semi-loose fronts and finished with three graduated shoulder capes, the roll of the lining showing like a silk or satin piping at the extreme edge of each cape.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

Cleaning Stains.

To remove pitch and tar stains rub lard on the stain and let it stand for a few hours. Sponge with spirits of turpentine until the stain is removed. If the color of the fabric should be changed, sponge it with chloroform and the color will be restored.

Mistakes in Framing.

The commonest mistakes in framing pictures are in choosing frames of too ornate a character, too narrow margins or mats of the wrong color. Green is in high favor for picture frames just now, and two other very new ideas are exceedingly desirable. One is a soft silver gray or forest green frame with the corners rounded off in Japanese fashion. The second is of rosewood of a rich old mahogany tone and has "cabinet" joined instead of mitered corners. Veneered frames, really a mat of wood, made from one piece of wood, with the opening cut in the centre for the picture, are very popular.

Family Poison Book.

It would be an excellent idea for every family to have a little book giving briefly prompt antidotes for various poisons," said a prominent New York doctor. "Physicians know that there are scores of cases of accidental poisoning never heard of outside of the family concerned. I've had several cases of poisoning by an accidental dose of the chloroform and aconite liniment that almost every one keeps, and one woman gave her child muriatic acid that was kept for cleaning the marbles. Prompt action is the great thing in cases of poisoning. By the time one can get help from a doctor or druggist it is often too late to save the patient. A few antidotes for the common poisons would be easy to learn. Still, if there was such a book I suppose most persons would be too much excited to use it in time of emergency."—New York Times.

A Cozy Chimney Corner.

A charmingly designed chimney corner has a flight of gray black swallows above the mantel, the tiny faraway ones reaching in a graceful curve several yards to the left almost as high as the ceiling. These are painted in water colors, cut out separately and arranged on the wall, which is a warm pinkish terra cotta in color. On the rough stones immediately above the fireplace is engraved the legend in which Oliver Wendell Holmes delighted, to the effect that there is no earthly happiness like "four feet on a fender." Little "three cornered" cupboards at either side increase the apparent width of the chimney place, and below these there are low burlap covered seats fitted in. A pot of English ivy fills one end of the mantel (which is not draped). The longer growths of this are trained up on the wall, and the shorter sprays fall over the mantel. In the low window seat at the opposite side, a great fern reaches its yard long fronds to the floor, and a little gray green rag carpet rug is laid before the little brass knobbed fender, and one slender, long stemmed vase of iridescent glass near the centre of the mantel completes the furnishing of the corner.—New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Potato and Egg Scallop—Cut four medium sized potatoes and four hard boiled eggs in rather thin slices; put a layer of potatoes in a baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper; then put over a layer of egg; continue with alternate layers until all are used; pour over a thin white sauce; spread over buttered crumbs and brown in a quick oven; the potatoes should be cold boiled.

Peach Cake—Mix together one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and one gill of sugar. Rub through a sieve and add a gill and a half of milk, one well-beaten egg and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Spread this in a well buttered shallow cake pan and cover with peaches pared and cut in halves. Sprinkle with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

Green Tomatoes Stewed — Pare six large, green tomatoes; peel three medium-sized onions. Put a tablespoonful of butter or drippings into an agate frying pan and when hot slice in the onions and let them fry without browning for five minutes; sprinkle in a teaspoonful of salt and quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper; stir about for a few minutes, then slice in the tomatoes and add half a cup of hot water. Cover and let simmer until tomatoes are tender; add a large tablespoonful of butter and serve.

It's only natural that the man who is perpetually short should be looked down on.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

King Edward is sixty-one years old. M. Rouvier, the present French Minister of Finance, commenced life as a book agent.

Senator Hoar lives on land in Worcester, Mass., that was formerly owned by John Hancock, the patriot.

A French translation of President Roosevelt's book, "The Strenuous Life," is arousing widespread interest in Paris.

Professor M. I. Pupen, of Columbia University, who invented the ocean telephone, started his career in America as a Turkish bath attendant.

Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, announces a polar expedition for next year to explore King William Land, on the east coast of Greenland.

The Duke of Buccleugh is one of the richest noblemen in the world. He owns 450,000 acres of land and has a yearly income of over \$1,500,000.

Speaker Henderson has notified the trustees of Upper Iowa University at Fayette, his alma mater, that he donates his entire private library to the college.

Mrs. Hetty Green, America's said-to-be richest woman, has instituted foreclosure of a \$12,000 mortgage on a Chicago church, saying, "All I want is my money—and interest."

Former President F. L. Patton, of Princeton University, is sitting for his portrait to John W. Alexander, on an order from the alumni. The portrait is to go to the university.

General Booth, in an address at Buffalo, said that a corps might be formed to go slumming among the rich. He also said the army's teachings were being preached in thirty-seven different languages.

Secretary Shaw gave out a neat epigram during his recent speech in Boston. "The difference between the politician and the statesman," he said, "is the difference between a young man who is looking for work and one who is looking for a situation."

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Cresceus, two-mile record, 4.17. Toledo (Ohio) enjoys Sunday football games.

Baltimore, Md., will have an indoor tennis club this winter.

Miss Whitney, 2.07½, is the fastest trotter ever bred in New England.

Sir Thomas Lipton, it is said, is seeking an American crew for his new challenger.

Thomas W. Lawson has bought the old sprinter Redpath, and will try him over the hurdles. Price, \$3000.

William C. Whitney has recently imported two famous English mares for breeding. They are Rambling Katie and Lady Min.

Harvard beat Pennsylvania, 11-0; Yale defeated Bucknell, 36-5, and Brown overwhelmed Columbia, 28-0, on the gridiron.

George Slosson has signed to play in the billiard tournament for the world's championship, to be held in Paris in December and January.

Joe H. Lesh's pacer Junius, with a mark of 2.07¼, died at Goshen, Ind. The horse was valued at \$10,000. He was a Grand Circuit star.

Roy A. Rainey, in a Panhard automobile, made the run of seventy-two miles from New York to Lakewood in less than two hours actual running time.

After lying dismantled in the Connecticut River for eight years the schooner yacht Dauntless, famous the world over as an ocean racer, is being overhauled.

The American style of riding is defended by "Tod" Sloane, who blames early two-year-old racing and the starting gate for premature retirement of our race horses.

Near Dourdon, France, Henri Fourrier, in a Mors automobile, traveled one kilometer in 29.15 seconds, and one mile in 47.25 seconds, beating the world's record, held by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

Little Chance for Him.

They tell this story on a Western telegraph operator: He was trying to call up a small town, where the office was in charge of a young woman, and for some reason he couldn't raise her. He was about to give up in despair when another operator broke in with the inquiry, "What do you want?" "I want Miss Brown, of Wellsburg," was the reply. "I've been trying to get her for the last hour." "That's nothing," returned the interrupting operator. "There's a young fellow clerking in a dry goods store there who's been trying to get her for the last two years, and he hasn't succeeded yet."

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.

Frank Fleishman, Proprietor. House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

Z. H. CASHMAN.

At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, etc., Also

The Best Brands of Flour, Coarse and Fine Salt, etc. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hellen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Chas. K. Yeager,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Wills and all kinds of legal papers promptly and correctly written.

J. L. Williams,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
GETTYSBURG, PA.
Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office in Spangler building, First square Baltimore street.

Wm. Hersh,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
GETTYSBURG, PA.
All legal business will receive prompt attention. Settlements of estates a specialty. Office on Baltimore street opposite Court House.

Dr. H. Ross Black,
DENTIST.
Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bauge, No. 3 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. Hollinger,
DENTIST.
Will be at SUNDAY'S HOTEL, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. Office and Residence, Abbotstown, Pa.

S. S. Neely,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank.

Wm. McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.
Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite Court House.

McPHERSON & McPHERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

C. J. Benner,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
GETTYSBURG, PA.
Offices on Baltimore Street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Brannen's Drug Store.

AUCTIONEERING.

GEO. L. COLESTOCK
Offers his services to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, New Oxford, Adams county, Pa.

Marshall House,

ADJOINING COURT HOUSE, YORK, PA.

B. S. HEINDEL, - Proprietor.
The Bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Liquors, Beer and Fine Brands of Cigars. The Table is supplied with the best the markets afford. Free Bus to and from trains. Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

HOTEL Gettysburg,

MERVILLE E. ZINN, Prop.

CENTER SQUARE. - GETTYSBURG.

Having leased the above Hotel I would be pleased to have my friends call to see me when in Gettysburg.

TO BUILDERS!

CLOSING OUT SALE OF LUMBER!

Having disposed of my warehouse hay shed, I will continue the

Lumber and Coal

Business at the old stand, and desiring to CLOSE OUT this business I wish to inform the public that my stock of LUMBER is COMPLETE, consisting of White and Yellow Pine of all kinds, Cypress, Poplar and Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling of all kinds, White Pine, Hemlock and Cypress Shingles, Roofing Slate, Sash, Doors and Blinds, which I will sell at bottom prices, and as lumber has advanced, it will be to your interest to call and get prices before buying elsewhere. Also a big lot of locust posts, hewed and in the rough. A. SHEELY, Pitt St., New Oxford, Pa.

GEO. F. RABINE,
Practical Barber and Hairdresser,
Eagle Hotel Building, Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.
Having opened a first-class Barber Shop in the above named place, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. CITY ME & CALL.

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 19, 1902

Important Notice.

It requires money to run any business and publishing a newspaper is no exception to the rule. We would kindly ask all our subscribers (who have not as yet done so), to remit to us before New Year as we have some heavy obligations to meet about that time.

Almost Killed.

Clinton Rickrode met with an accident a few weeks ago at Sparrows Point, Md., which nearly cost him his life. He was employed in the steel works at that place and was standing on the side of a locomotive assisting in dumping a cauldron of the molten metal when a valve burst and throwing the hot metal over him. His clothing prevented his body from being burned but his hands were terribly burned. The shock made him lose his balance and he fell under the locomotive between the tracks.

The engineer in his frantic haste to get away started his engine back over the prostrate man squeezing him in a six inch space between the firebox and the bed of the track.

Rickrode terribly bruised and burned was taken to a Baltimore hospital where he stayed until last week when he came to the home of his parents in Huntington township. He had a relapse on Monday and returned to the hospital where he is at present.

York Souvenir Postal Cards.

A series of 12 handsome pictorial souvenir postal cards will be issued for York. The cards will be embellished with colored views of the old courthouse, in which the Continental Congress met; the new court house; the High School building, which is the largest in the United States; Zion Reformed church, in which Washington attended services when he visited York; Trinity Reformed church, St. John's Episcopal church, which is rich in historical associations; the house in which Thomas Paine wrote a portion of "The Crisis," the house which was General Wayne's headquarters when he visited Congress, then assembled in Yorktown, the house in which General Gates gave a banquet to the officers of the army and members of Congress associated with the Conway cable, the Soldiers Monument on Penn Park, a view of York from Farquhar Park and Center square arches.

THE PRIDE OF HEROES.—Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for scratches, bruises, cuts, wounds, corns, sore feet and stiff joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same of Burns, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at Wehler's drug store.

The Snyder Case.

From Gettysburg News.

The people of Gettysburg and vicinity are not hearing much about the mysterious death of Mr. Snyder at New Chester some time ago. Near the scene of the mystery, however, the case, we understand, is still much alive in the minds of the people. There are rumors of some very pointed circumstantial evidence—some people are talking very plainly about the case. Some go so far as to say that it was a case of deliberate, wilful, planned murder. To some it looks much as though the guilty party attempted to put out of the way at least three others, two of whom were at the time thought dying. People say that the guilty person, or persons, is in the community, and that money was the object. The guilty persons should by all means be hunted out. It is a shame and a disgrace to permit a thing of this sort to go by. To let it pass unnoticed will doubtless prove a bad and dangerous precedent to some other evil disposed persons. The heirs should by all means put up a reward of at least \$1,000. That they have failed to do this seems to point to one of two things: They are afraid the reward will result in the detection of the guilty party, or the love for the money that was given to them is greater than their love for the man who came to such an untimely death. It looks bad indeed that several of the heirs have done nothing to get out this matter.

Christmas Novelties, in China, Linen, Celluloid, &c., &c., &c. G. B. NACE, SON & CO., Hanover.

If you like the **IREX** speak a good word for it to your neighbor, and send in any items of interest you may happen to know, personal or otherwise. The people's paper is always glad to hear from the people.

FOOLS A DEADLY ATTACK.—"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cure constipation, sick headache. 25c at Wehler's drug store.

Two tons of coal were stolen from a car standing on a siding near the Codorus paper mill in York Tuesday night. Coal guards will soon be needed if the scarcity of the "black diamonds" keeps on.

Cure That Cold

or Cough with Meisenholder's Cough Syrup. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. 25c a bottle at SMITH'S Drug Store, Fountain Sq., Hanover.

S. R. Still, superintendent of the Philadelphia Clay Works at Hunters Run, Wednesday let a contract to Wetzel Bros., of Carlisle, for twenty new dwelling houses to be built at Hunters Run. The houses will be two and one-half stories, frame, and are for the employees.

Dress Goods.

All the finest in Silk or Wool, for a Christmas present. NACE'S, Hanover.

Rev. John H. O'Bourke, rector of the Novitiate of the Order of Jesus, has announced that the order would leave Frederick for its new home, St. Andrews-on-the-Hudson, on January 15. All the household effects, including many oil paintings and a library of 30,000 volumes, will be taken with them.

Your Christmas Umbrella,

you can get at any price you want it—30c to \$8.00 each.

G. B. NACE, SON & CO., Hanover.

Within the next two years, according to an official of the York County Traction Company, the company's system will be increased by the construction of 75 miles of railway. All the centers of population in York county will be reached.

Lace Curtains

will make an elegant Christmas present. You can get them at

G. B. NACE, SON & CO., Hanover.

Some men take things so easily that it is a wonder they don't get all the contagious diseases.

Ready-made Clothing

and Clothing Made to Order. Best goods for least money, and perfect fit guaranteed. G. B. NACE, SON & CO., Hanover.

More and more voting is done each year by machinery; and it may be added that the same is the case with nominating.

Your Holiday Presents

you can get for a trifle less and the best assortment assured, at

G. B. NACE, SON & CO., Hanover.

An English professor says that there are 10,000 different kinds of fleas. Many a man trying to catch a flea has come to the same conclusion.

A NEW REMEDY.—The old friends of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will be pleased to know that the manufacturers of that preparation have gotten out a new remedy called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and that it is meeting with much success in the treatment of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, impaired indigestion and like disorders. These Tablets are easier to take and more pleasant in effect than pills, then they not only move the bowels, but improve the appetite and correct any disorders of the stomach and liver. For sale by Randolph Wehler druggist.

CHURCH NOTICES

First Evangelical Lutheran Church.

Preaching services Sunday at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:00 p. m.; Junior C. E. at 2 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:00 p. m. REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

St. Paul's Reformed Church.

Preaching services Sunday at 7 p. m. Subj.—"The Universal Question" Sunday school 9 a. m.; C. E. Society 6 p. m.

A special Christmas service by the Sunday school and congregation will be given on Christmas evening at 7 p. m.

REV. S. P. MAUGER, Pastor

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Preaching services Sunday at 10 a. m. Sunday School 9 a. m.; Epworth League 6 p. m.

REV. VACCH T. RUE, Pastor.

Immaculate Conception Catholic Church.

There will be two Masses next Sunday—Low Mass at 8 and High Mass at 10 o'clock.

Young People's Sodality at 6 p. m.; Solemn Vespers and Benediction at 8:30 p. m.

On Christmas morning there will be two High Masses, one at 5:30 the other at 10 o'clock. Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 6:30.

REV. L. AUGUSTUS REUDTER, Pastor.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

On Monday, December 22nd, Sheriff Morrison will sell at public sale in Gettysburg, a tract of land in Huntingdon township, containing 13 acres, more or less, improved with a frame bank barn, as the property of John Goodermuth.

Severe

Nervous Trouble and Dyspepsia.

No Sleep for Weeks Because of Pain.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Gave Back My Health.

Dyspepsia nearly always arises from a derangement of the nerves. When the stomach is not well the entire system suffers. Constipation, bad breath, sour stomach, frequent headaches, biliousness, etc., will lead to terrible consequences if not treated in time. Dr. Miles' Nervine is a specific for nervous dyspepsia and all nervous diseases.

"My health was miserable for years, due to severe nervous trouble and dyspepsia. I had not been able to sleep for weeks at a time without being awakened with pains in my chest and stomach. My limbs felt tired, I was unable to do my house work without feeling completely worn out. The doctors failed to relieve me, and after taking an endless amount of their medicines I began taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and Nerve and Liver Pills. I obtained relief from the first bottle of Nervine, was able to sleep better than I had in years. My stomach began to gain strength and I felt better in many ways. I have taken twelve bottles of Nervine and Nerve and Liver Pills in the past three years but have not taken any of late as I have not felt the need of it. I go about my work an entirely different woman and have recommended them to ever so many people. I am a great believer in Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills, I have them on hand all the time. I feel very grateful for the Dr. Miles Remedies."—MRS. J. W. WHITMAN, Mechanic Falls, Me.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

"If I Were in a Lady's Place,"

said Santa Claus, "I would certainly buy Shoes at **The MODEL.**"

THE WISDOM OF LOING SO CANNOT BE QUESTIONED.

FOOTWEAR FOR CHRISTMAS.—BARGAINS is loaded upon every shelf in the store. There's Great Variety and Excellent Value in SHOES, SLIPPERS, Etc., for Men, Women and Children, and the prices have an agreeable effect upon those who come our way. If they have inspected other goods they can see the Greater Value in these.

L. H. HOFFACKER.

Model Cash Shoe Store.

Fountain Square, Hanover.

NEW OXFORD

Bargain Grocery Store.

Holiday Goods.

Just received an entire new line of Holiday Goods which includes **Presents for Old and Young.** Come and see our line before purchasing elsewhere.

School Teachers and Sunday Schools,

It will be to your interest to call on us for **Special Prices** on Candies, Oranges, Etc., before placing your orders.

Come and be Convinced

that these goods are strictly up-to-date and much cheaper than can be secured anywhere else. Goods now on display. Come One and All.

E. E. FREED,

CARLISLE STREET,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

The Leaders.

Busy Days in Our Women's READY-TO-WEAR Department.

In Suits, Coats, Skirts, Waists, Knit Goods and Furs.

Every piece is right down to date in style, will stand any test of quality and workmanship, and represents the best and largest stock. We fully realize that now is the time to close out odd lots, and we have made this

The Time to Buy Women's Suits.

Our entire suit stock has gotten into the shape of one or two of a kind, (about 45 suits all told)—broken size time—and we have put a price on them that cannot possibly get better for you after Christmas.

Walking Suits--Reduced

From \$ 9.00 - to \$ 7.00.

" 12.00 - to 10.00.

" 15.00 - to 12.00.

Dress Suits--Reduced

From \$ 9.00 - to \$ 7.00.

" 10.00 - to 8.50.

" 12.50 - to 10.00.

" 15.00 - to 12.00.

" 17.90 - to 14.00.

Also about 25 Jackets and Coats, in various lengths and grades, have been marked down from 15 to 25 per cent.--They cannot last long.

About 20 Walking Skirts, Reduced in price for the same reason.

GETTYSBURG, PA.

New Oxford Item.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 19 1902.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

It is said this is the coldest December thus far since 1861.

C. A. Decker is now proprietor of the Hotel Centennial at Mt. Rock.

Hanover is to have another industry in the shape of a wire cloth factory.

The open hunting season for rabbits, squirrels and partridges ended Monday.

Jacob Lookinbill, of Abbottstown, lost a fat hog weighing about 350 pounds.

The McSherrystown High School is gathering a collection of relics and curios.

Fruit cakes are now being baked. They will be ripe on or about Christmas.

The Gettysburg Compiler makes an appeal for an Adams county historical society.

Peter Kump, of Cashtown, recently tracked five wildcats to their den under a rock.

The burgess of East Berlin has posted a notice forbidding street and corner loafing.

Bucher Harlacher, near York Springs, lost a valuable cow through tuberculosis last week.

Howard Snyder has purchased a property of T. O. Collins in Mt. Joy township, for \$450.

350 names were placed into the Adams county jury wheel to be drawn from for the coming year.

A new creamery will be started in York Springs by Elmer Jacobs during the present month.

All may be fair in love and war, but a plugged nickle isn't fare to the street car conductor.

The Washington-Westminster-Gettysburg Railroad project still shows slight signs of life at times.

As Christmas approaches the father of the large family begins to wear a worried look, in addition to his other clothes.

Curtis O. Bercaw, who had been running the creamery at Two Taverns, has resigned, and John Sponseller has accepted the position.

Ellis W. Cook, of Ariosa, this county, has taught school for 32 consecutive winters. During this time he was not absent from his school one day on account of sickness.

The undersigned, residing in Hamilton township, near Pine Run school house, will pay the highest cash prices for all kinds of beef hides.

C. M. BAUGHER.

Send date of your sale to us for insertion in our sale register, and have your bills printed with us later. A free notice of sale will be given when we print your bills.

Why is it that the Town Council does not have the settlers in Center Square removed and placed under shelter during the winter months? Surely they are worth taking care of.

H. G. Blair, who now holds a case in the Gettysburg Compiler composing room, has been setting type for 50 years, and is probably the oldest printer in the State working at the case.

Jordy Hafer, son of Frank K. Hafer, of Abbottstown, while coasting had the misfortune to cut his upper lip so badly that the doctor had to put three stitches in it.

Urias Brockley, of Hanover, was arrested by Constable McIlvaine, of York, on a warrant issued by Alderman Platts, at the instance of his wife, charging him with non-maintenance. The accused gave bail for court.

Samuel A. Gilliland, one of Adams county's prominent farmers, residing in Straban township, left Wednesday morning by way of the Western Maryland railroad for Sabine, Texas where he will spend the winter with his brother, John J. Gilliland.

The records in the Clerk of the Courts' office, Gettysburg, show that the county has gained 999 inhabitants through the excess of births to deaths in just that number, between the 1st day of November, 1899, and September 1, 1902. Hamilton township heads the procession in point of births and York Springs brings up the rear.

Several Hanover coal dealers received carloads of coal early Wednesday morning, and the scramble to get a share of the same was quite lively—some persons who are said to have one and even more tons in their bins crowding out parties who are almost entirely bare of fuel. The usual humane hoggrishness.

Beef Tongue.

Oysters in all styles.

Clam Soup.

Ham, Tongue and Cheese Sandwiches.

Deviled Crabs.

Soda Water, Ice Cream, Etc.

At CENTRAL E. DRINK'S, Center Square Cafe.

Born—Dec. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Martin, near this place, a daughter.

The protracted meeting in the M. E. church closed on Sunday evening.

Reform in York county seems to be a change of men, not methods. Spend without care, borrow as long as possible, and then shove up the taxes.

One ton of FRESH CANDIES, lots of Toys, etc. Tobacco from 15c pound up. Call and look over our line of goods.

M. S. HITESHEW, Center Square.

The bountiful western corn crop is forcing down meat prices, dressed meat being from 3 to 4 cents a pound lower on the Chicago market now than six months ago.

A briar an inch long with five fangs has just been extracted from the throat of policeman Diamond of York, after being lodged there for two weeks. It was in a piece of tobacco from which he took a chew.

Seright Wolf removed his family from the house of J. H. Plymire on West High street to a house in Hanover, last week. Robert Wolf, who with his family lived in the same house, moved into the old Felix house on Pitt street.

Irvin L. Taylor, of Arendtsville, who went to the Todd Hospital at Carlisle about a month ago and underwent an operation for appendicitis, returned home last week and is out and about again.

Charles Kise, of Littlestown, fireman on the P. R. R. engine No. 3002 of the pay train which passed through Hanover Monday, met with an accident at York by the injector of the engine blowing out, which resulted in his left eye being badly scalded.

The York County Commissioners have negotiated loan of \$230,000. Johns, Jones & Co., of Philadelphia, bankers, taken charge of the loan and are selling the bonds. The issue will be 3 1/2 per cent. dividend. The object is to build a \$44,000 bridge and make other county improvements.

Charles Stonesifer, of Gettysburg, was Thursday committed to the Almshouse by S. H. Eicholtz, Esq., on complaint of his wife that he was lazy and refused to work. This is a repetition of the trouble of a month ago, when Stonesifer was committed to the insane department. He is now in the old men's ward.

Jesse M. Frysinger, who tried to become manager of the Penn Park mine of York for next season, but who last week was elected manager of the Harrisburg Athletic Club for next season, will receive as his salary \$50 a week and a bonus of ten per cent of the profits under \$4,000 and fifteen per cent of any amount over that figure.

Albert Golden, the Hellam township, York county boy who was brutally assaulted by two gunners, about two weeks ago, while on his way home in a wagon, is slowly recovering. It will be some time before he will be able to be about. The doctors are certain of his recovery. The boy moved with his parents from near Goldenville, this county, to York county one year ago.

John E. Hughes, proprietor of the City Hotel, Gettysburg, lost a valuable mare one night last week. The animal was apparently all right in the evening and the next morning was found dead in her stall.

Robert C. Schriver, Gettysburg, lost a valuable horse from spasmodic colic recently. Mr. Schriver recently paid \$105 for the animal.

Howard Schriver, of Mountjoy township, and Edward Newman, of Keystone Mills, each lost a valuable horse.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Ignatius Weaver and son Joseph, of Peters street, and Master Guy Miller, of East High street, are spending the week with friends in York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Winand of Bermudian, spent a few days with their daughter, Mrs. R. M. Straley, Philadelphia street.

Farmers Institute.

The sessions of the Farmers Institute held in Miller's Hall, this place, on Monday and Tuesday, were fairly well attended, considering the very bad weather. Rain commenced falling Monday afternoon and continued to fall up to Wednesday, and the slippery condition of the sidewalks and streets caused by the snow and sleet on Friday and Saturday made walking dangerous for the town folks and caused the farmers to remain at home. The program, however, was carried out as published last week, and the different subjects were ably treated upon by the different speakers.

Unclaimed Letters.

Letters remaining unclaimed in the New Oxford Post Office Dec. 1st, 1902. Mr. Chas. Boyer, Chas. Ginter, Emory Miller, Henry Noel, Ruben Noel, Miss Katie Lentz. Persons calling for the above should state that they were advertised.

W. H. EMMERT, P. M.

The Western Maryland Depot Destroyed by Fire.

The Western Maryland Depot on Pitt street, this place, was entirely destroyed by fire with its contents Tuesday night. The flames were discovered at 12:40 o'clock by Mr. William Kohler who resides next to the depot on the opposite side of the railroad, and the office and the under part of the South side of the extension of the roof were then ablaze. He hastily gave the alarm and before he could reach the building the fire had gained such headway that he was unable to remove a truck standing on the platform. The alarm on the engine house was sounded but owing to it being near the midnight hour most persons were sound asleep and slow in responding. The building was erected of Maryland granite with yellow pine trimmings, interior and exterior. The extension of the roof over the platform around the structure being of this inflammable material and fanned by the strong westerly wind blowing at the time, burned fiercely, and the roof of the building had fallen before the firemen were able to reach it with water, and in less than one-half hour the building was in ashes. There being no safe in the building all the books and papers of the company therein were destroyed. The pet dog "Dewey," belonging to Agent C. H. Rebert, perished in the flames. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been caused by a live electric wire in Hanover or Gettysburg having come in contact with the wires of the telegraph line that passed in under the roof to the office of the building, as the blue electric sparks were noticed by many to fly from the telegraph wires. Mr. Geo. A. Snyder, of Baltimore, who arrived here on a visit Tuesday evening left his trunk in the depot and lost all his wearing apparel except what he had on at the time.

The New Oxford depot was built about 10 years ago at a cost of about \$6,000, and was considered one of the finest small depots along the line. Mr. Rebert, the Agent, was unable to inform us whether there was any insurance on the building or not. We were also unable to ascertain where the temporary telegraph office and depot will be placed for the present. The depot standing some distance from other buildings and the ice on the roofs no doubt prevented a further spread of the conflagration, as a very strong wind was blowing at the time.

Sunday Freight Wreck.

A bad freight wreck occurred about 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon at Mizell's switch on the Western Maryland Railroad, about one-half mile from Granite Station. A freight train was on its way to Gettysburg and was composed of six empty gondolas and one empty box car. When the engine passed over the frog at the switch, a bolt broke and the tender and the cars were derailed, the engine and caboose, in which the crew were, alone remaining on the track. The first car uncoupled from the tender and one gondola and the box car were turned upside-down and thrown lengthwise into the field, both being badly broken. The other cars remained on the road bed. The track was torn up for about 200 feet. The wrecking crew from Hanover was called out and with the section hands of this place and others along the line were called out and after working all Sunday night had the wreckage cleared away and the road-bed repaired so that trains run regularly again Monday morning. Luckily no person was hurt.

Dangerous Walking.

Rain and sleet commenced falling here Friday and continued up to Sunday morning covering the streets and sidewalks with several inches of ice, making walking very dangerous and sharpened shoes on horses to travel the streets. Trees and wires were heavily coated with ice and many branches were broken from fruit and shade trees. Telephone wires were broken in many places very badly crippling communication on these lines. There were many pedestrians "taken a tumble" but we have heard of no serious injury resulting therefrom. Truly we are having winter.

Taken Seriously Ill Suddenly.

For some years past George F. Young, of Gettysburg, has been complaining of not feeling well but was able to attend to his business. On Saturday he was in the store in good spirits, but was found unconscious in his bath room on Saturday evening. He was hastily carried to his room and put to bed. Dr. Henry Stewart was sent for. It was soon discovered that Mr. Young had been overcome by an attack of heart trouble, brought on by stomach troubles, from which he had long suffered. All day Sunday his condition was critical, but he subsequently rallied and is now regarded as out of danger. Mr. Young was formerly postmaster of Gettysburg, and chairman of the Republican County Committee.

Deaths.

Benedict Kebil, who was a resident of Gettysburg many years ago, died at his home in Ligonier, Westmoreland county, last Sunday at the age of about 85 years.

Mary Margurite, one of the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Stough, of Pitt street, died on last Thursday morning from pneumonia, aged 2 years and 7 days. Interment was made in the New Oxford cemetery at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Rev. F. Hesse officiating.

Jerome W. J. Melhorn, an aged and respected citizen of Hanover, died Monday morning at 3:35 o'clock, of asthma, aged 72 years. Deceased was a carpenter by trade and has lived in Hanover for 50 years. He was a member of Hanover Lodge, No. 327, I. O. O. F. He was a son of the late Simon Melhorn of near Hanover, and was married 43 years ago to Miss Sarah Eyster, of Bendersville, Adams county, who survives him with one son, Harry M. Melhorn, of Hanover. He is also survived by one brother, Amos Melhorn, of Williamsport, and one sister, Mrs. Sarah Bair, of Philadelphia.

Directors of the Poor Can't Agree.

The Directors of the Poor of Adams county held a special meeting at the Almshouse Thursday, but could not agree on a man for Steward, to serve after next April. It was reported that each director had his candidate and each refused to give in.

Dusky Diamonds Arrive.

Two carloads of bituminous nut coal arrived here Thursday afternoon, the first since the great strike last May. One car of 22 tons was received by J. S. Weaver, the Hanover street dealer, and one car of same weight by A. Sheely, the Pitt street dealer. There was a great rush for the coal, which was dished out in small lots to their customers.

Almost Asphyxiated.

The family of William M. Tawney, of Gettysburg, was almost overcome early Thursday morning by the deadly fumes from a coal stove. On awaking several members of the family realized their danger and Mr. Tawney with difficulty reached a window and threw it open. Dr. J. R. Dickson was called in. Miss Tawney, who attends the college, was not able to go to any recitations Thursday.

New Oxford Masons.

A regular stated meeting of Hebron Lodge No. 465, F. and A. M., of New Oxford, was held Monday evening, when the following officers were elected and installed for the coming Masonic year: W. M.—J. Harry Plymire. S. W.—Ferdinand Hesse. J. W.—Randolph Wesler. Secretary—James W. Barnitz. Treasurer—Zelous H. Cashman. Trustees—A. W. Himes, George A. Kliagel and William Hollinger. Representative to Grand Lodge—Chas. K. Yeager.

After adjournment, an impromptu banquet was served at the restaurant of C. E. Dicht, on Center Square.

Two Funerals.

Mummer's Meeting House, south of East Berlin, was the scene of two funerals Saturday. The first, in the morning, was that of Annie Irene, daughter of Jacob A. Asper and wife, of Reading twp., the child having suffered from heart disease since her birth. She died Wednesday evening, at the age of 11 years and 3 days. A post-mortem examination of the body was held Thursday at 8:30 a. m., by Drs. G. E. Spatz, Hoechst and Hildebrand.

The second funeral was that of the 7-months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Pfaltzcraft, of York. Pneumonia was the cause of its death. Mr. Lewis Boseraman of Reading township, was a grand father of the child.

Marriage Licenses.

William G. Stamcaugh and Miss Etta May Coulson, both of Reading township.

Benjamin L. Hartzell, of Orrtanna, and Miss Lottie M. Hartman, of Emmitsburg, Md.

Harry C. Meckley, of Oxford township, and Miss Mary K. Gulden, of Hamilton township.

Jacob A. Benedict, of Doyer, York county, and Miss Ida M. Livingston of Reading township.

John H. Koontz, of Idaville, and Miss Clara A. Beck, of McKnightstown.

William H. McBeth, of Menallen twp., and Miss Mary C. Heller, of Huntingdon township.

Martin L. Link, of Washington township, York county, and Miss Alice M. Stallsmith, of Tyrone township.

Wilson H. Bishop, of Germany township, and Miss Flora L. Kindig, of Union township.

Reports of petty stealing continue to come in from various parts of the county. One of the latest cases is that of Alexander Wherley, of Mt. Joy township, who lost a dozen fine turkeys and a crowbar the other night. The thieves may have ate the turkeys but we are certain that they never digested the crowbar.

Barn Burned.

The large bank barn of Harry L. Leib, at Stewartstown, York county, was destroyed by fire Thursday morning with the contents, including about 25 tons of hay, a lot of straw, a wagon with 90 bushels of corn, &c. Mr. Leib saw the fire about 6:15 a. m. and rushed to the barn and succeeded in saving all the live stock, except two calves. The origin of the fire is unknown.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman.

Choice Wheat.....	\$ 76
No. 2.....	65
Raked.....	50
Rye.....	45 @ 50
Corn.....	40 @ 48
Oats.....	25 @ 32
Clover seed, per lb.....	8 @ 10
Timothy seed.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....	7 00 @ 10 00
Timothy hay.....	11 00 @ 15 00

MARRIED.

Dec. 11, at Warnesbor, by Rev. Father McDermott, Robert T. Peters and Miss Mary J. Sease, both of Fairfield.

Dec. 10, at the home of the bride in Freedom township, by Rev. W. G. Minnigh, Ernest R. Striver, of Greenmount, and Miss Hattie Waybright.

Dec. 10, by Rev. Father Crotty, Lewis J. Overholzer and Miss Eliza A. Knox, both of near Gettysburg.

Dec. 14, at Abbottstown, by Rev. R. H. Clare, Jacob A. Benedict, of Dover, and Miss Ida M. Livingston, of Reading township.

Dec. 11, at Littlestown, by Rev. F. S. Lindaman, John K. Forry, of York county, and Miss Mary I. Bollinger, of Cone-wago township.

Dec. 11, at Cashtown, by Rev. D. Barnhart, Harvey E. Fritz and Miss Carrie E. Degroft, both of Franklin township.

Dec. 11, at Arendtsville, by Rev. D. T. Koser, John H. Koontz, of Idaville, and Miss Clara A. Beck, of McKnightstown.

Dec. 14, near Abbottstown, by Rev. R. H. Clare, Harry C. Meckley, of near this place, and Miss Mary K. Gulden, of Hamilton township.

Dec. 15, at Idaville, by Rev. O. H. Gruver, Wm. H. McBeth, of Menallen township, and Miss Mary C. Heller, of Huntingdon township.

Dec. 11, at York Springs, by Rev. F. Heilman, Wm. G. Stambaugh and Miss Etta May Coulson, both of Reading township.

DIED.

Dec. 11, in this place, Mary Marguerite, daughter of C. M. Stough and wife, aged 2 years and 7 days.

Sick Blood

Feed pale girls on Scott's Emulsion.

We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood:

The fact that it is the best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, rich in nutrition, full of healthy stimulation is a suggestion as to why it does what it does.

Scott's Emulsion presents Cod Liver Oil at its best, fullest in strength, least in taste.

Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.

We will be glad to send a sample to any sufferer.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE.

Chemists.

409 Pearl St., New York.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Sullen sky, and a sea
That heaves its sombre breast;
And a wind that dirges ceaselessly
In blind unrest.

And yet, and yet one heart
Is blithe as a May-tide flower;
One soaring spirit bears no part
In the gloaming hour!

Blue is the sky (her eyes!)
And bright is the sun (her smile!)
And there is a right of paradise
For a dreaming while.

—Collier's Weekly.

THE STRAWS OF DEATH

How a Rivalry Was Settled on the Firing-Line.

By W. O. Geehan.

THE regiment was settling down for the night with some grumbling and much profane jesting, for Western volunteers possess a sense of humor superior to the most trying conditions. Somewhere in the darkness in front, the Filipinos were taking pot shots between their cigarettes, as an occasional zeal attested.

"There go the blamed typewriters," cried a young private. "Firing at fireflies, as usual. No sleep to-night."

"Typewriters" was a contemptuous appellation given to the Fourteenth Regulars, because the popping of their magazine guns in the distance slightly resembled the noise of the machine of peace.

"Put your mouth on the safety notch," ordered the captain from the right of the company. "They're sending out the outposts. Get their bearings so that you can shoot around them if the ball opens up."

Two men were receiving final instructions from the colonel, previous to venturing into the hostile country in front. "Sneak out about 200 yards," ordered the officer, "and lie low. If you see any signs of an attack, try to get back and warn us. If you can't get back, you must warn us somehow, and take your chances. No need to tell you to be careful. You hold the lives of many men in your hands. Good luck, boys."

This sort of work is called Cossack outpost duty, and men detailed upon it should not be men of family or nerves. A few nights previously two nervous men were detailed upon it. One of them fired at a white pariah dog. The shot caused the Filipinos to concentrate a series of volleys lasting thirty minutes in the direction of the outposts. The Americans awakened from a sound sleep and let go several unauthorized volleys. Consequently the two nervous men, being between two fires, were riddled with two kinds of ammunition.

The two men detailed for this evening's work were of different metal. "Morituri te salutamus, colonel," said one with a reckless laugh. With the easy nonchalance of veterans, they gave the rifle salute, and, sliding over the top of the trench, disappeared into the night.

"There go two good men," observed the colonel.

The two men tiptoed across the dry rice paddies, each holding his rifle at the ready. There was no sound except the occasional hiss of a random bullet, or the faint and distant pop of a rifle.

"Guess this is far enough," said one of the men at length; "here is a little hollow. Why, it is almost as safe as the trench." The other acquiesced with a faint murmur, and they sprawled upon the ground facing the enemy's territory.

"It's a queer freak of fate that we two should be detailed on this together," observed the shorter of the two, "after avoiding each other so successfully."

"It's blamed queer, Osbourne," returned the other, "but we'll have to stand it."

"It is not that I would want a better man for a right place, Wade," said Osbourne, "but there is that one thing."

"Yes, I know," replied the other, "that's the trouble. If you were not as good or a better man than I, there would be no danger of Helen Bartlett caring for you."

"We were good friends in the old days, Billy," said Osbourne, rather huskily; "it one of us only loved her a little less."

"No go, Tom," replied the other. "It is either her or the jumping off place for me. Our friendship was a friendly thing, but she is above that. Would you?"

"No, you are right. It's no thoroughfare. I wish it were ended, one way or the other."

"What can we do?" queried Wade, with studied composure. "We can't gouge each other with bayonets out here, and Springfield at two yards is a bit too unique."

Osbourne laughed harshly. "We might draw straws, the loser speedily to meet an accidental death."

"No, thanks," replied Wade. "I am willing to take my bullet, if it comes, but not that way. One of us might get it decently at any time."

"You're right, Wade," said Osbourne. "You're a good fellow."

"Same to you," returned Wade. "Let's quit chatting and attend to our work."

For some time they lay silent, staring into the darkness for things they could not see, even had they been there. Only the intermittent popping of musketry and the occasional zeal of a Mauser bullet broke the silence. Now and then they could see through the blackness a faint, momentary red flare.

"Confound them," observed Osbourne, "the Filipinos can smoke, anyhow. I'm dying for a cigarette."

"If you light a match here," said Wade, "we'll be targets for about 4000 flies."

"That's true enough," agreed Osbourne, with a soft chuckle; "cigarettes are rather expensive out here." Another period of silence followed.

"Wade," inquired Osbourne, suddenly, "are you willing to try a wild scheme for settling this matter forever?"

"Anything fair and reasonable," replied the other. "What's your plan?"

"Draw straws," said Osbourne, briefly, "the man who gets the short one to stand up and light a match, and—go to his fathers."

Wade caught his breath and remained mute for some time, considering. "Not so bad," he observed, after a time; "but we are on duty now."

"O, fudge!" said Osbourne, lightly; "the Filipinos wouldn't attack for all the loot of Manila. An outpost here is merely a matter of form. Besides, one of us will be left."

"That's so," returned Wade, "and I see no objection."

"You fix the straws, then," said Osbourne, quickly. "I'll draw." He began to whistle softly in a nervous fashion, as men do when they are close to death. Wade fumbled silently with some fragments of rice straw. His movements were slow and mechanical. Some men are constituted that way. "Here, Tom," he said, stretching out his right fist. "May the better man get it."

Osbourne extended a hand that trembled slightly, and fingered the disclosed ends of the straw for a brief time. Suddenly he clutched one and pulled it out. At the same instant there was a strange, soft thud, and Wade fell upon his face. His limbs moved convulsively for a moment; then he lay motionless.

"For heaven's sake, Billy! what's up?" cried Osbourne, in an agonized whisper. He laid his hand on the man's face, but jerked it away horrified, for it touched something warm and wet.

"She's mine!" he muttered, with fierce triumph; then, "Poor Billy."

A thought came that caused him to gasp and shiver. He hesitated, reached for the dead man's hand, and loosened its clasp from the other straw. It was several inches longer than the one he had drawn.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. "Oh, Billy!" he cried, shaking the dead man's shoulder, as if to rouse him. "What shall I do?" Only the far-off popping of the rifles broke the oppressive stillness.

"What would you have done?" he asked in the same strain. "By Jove!" suddenly, "you were a good man. You would have kept the compact. I lost fairly. Bear witness, Billy, I am as good a man as you."

He laid his hand for an instant on the dead man's forehead. Then he rose slowly, and fumbled in his pocket. At length he found a match. For a moment he stood irresolute, inhaling strong breaths of air. Already he had begun to feel the horror of being shut out from it forever. It was hard to give the signal for his own death. His teeth came together with a click, and, scratching the match on his shoe, he held the flame before his breast—San Francisco Argonaut.

Making the Dead Live.

Dr. Laborde, of Paris, appears to have given a striking demonstration of the possibility of restoring to life persons apparently drowned or otherwise asphyxiated. It is well known that forced or artificial respiration has often been successful when all hope seemed to have vanished. Dr. Laborde's method consists in producing rhythmical traction of the tongue, which has been found to revive respiration when other means had failed, and he has invented a small apparatus for the purpose. In the course of experiments he chloroformed a vigorous bulldog, so that breathing seemed to have ceased. After fifteen minutes tongue traction the animal recovered. In another experiment anaesthesia was carried to a more extreme point, and it took two hours of the action upon the tongue to restore sensibility. In the case of a human patient the subject is laid on his back and the tongue is grasped by a pair of tweezers, attached to the apparatus, by means of which a continual pulling in and out process is kept up. The experiences seem to point to the assumption that, although an animal organism may have apparently ceased to live, a germ of life may exist somewhere within which is kept alive, and gradually the influence of the living spark spreads to the rest of the system.—London Telegraph.

SCHOOL FOR STORE WORKERS.

Counter Service and Window Dressing Among the Subjects Taught.

That there is always room at the top is nowhere more fully demonstrated than in the great department stores of this country, from which there comes an incessant demand for men with energy and ideas. Of the mechanical routine workers there is a large supply, and the number grows daily to the despair and irritation of proprietors and managers.

While there is room in every department of the stores and retail houses generally for talent and knowledge, a lack of properly equipped workers is felt in the spheres of window dressing, decorating of interiors, card-sign painting and advertisement writing.

The possibilities along these lines were grasped by a keen-sighted man, himself a successful practitioner of most of the arts referred to, who has started a school in New York for the tuition of beginners and for the perfecting of workers already in operation. The college of instruction is absolutely unique, being the only institution in the world dealing with some parts—and these the most important—of its curriculum.

In some instances city employers have themselves paid for the tuition of likely young men. Others have given their workers time and facilities for attending the classes, while many students from far-off country districts have not only had their expenses defrayed, but have received their salaries during the tuition period.

Several of the large wholesale dry goods concerns of New York have manifested their interest in the novel work by supplying merchandise for the use of the pupils in decorating the windows.

One of the features of the school's method is that the instruction given is personal and individual, each pupil being dealt with according to his capacity, and no limit is put on the duration of the course. Most students complete their curriculum in four or six weeks, while none have exceeded two months.

A special two-weeks' course of window trimming and card-sign painting for those who desire improvement can be had for \$25. For beginners a complete course costs \$50.

Chinese Art of War.

A novel method of testing new weapons of warfare is now in vogue in China. A large cannon, of the latest type, was recently imported from Europe, and when it was landed on the coast of Hainan the military mandarins of the district first inspected it closely and then resolved to test it.

They therefore procured a boat, which they anchored at some distance from the land, and then they loaded the cannon and fired a shot at it. To their surprise the shot did not hit the boat, but fell short in the water. They determined to try again, but did not want to miss a second time, and so they brought the boat to the very spot where the first shot had fallen and anchored it there.

Then they fired, and to their unbounded joy the shot went clean through the vessel. Evidently it never occurred to them that they could have attained the same end by aiming more carefully and slightly changing the position of the cannon, or, if it did occur to them, they thought that it was easier to move the boat than to so aim with the heavy cannon that they would be absolutely certain of not losing a second shot.—New York Herald.

The Ungallant Von Menzel.

If there is one public man in Germany who detests being lionized, and, at the same time, rather dislikes women, it is the celebrated painter Adolf von Menzel, Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle. He went to Kissingen this summer, as usual, to take the waters, and while there a young lady from Berlin saw him one evening sitting over his beer in a beer house. She was a collector of picture postcards, and, of course, she wanted to get one in a surreptitious manner from old Menzel. She accordingly edged herself up to the painter, with whom she was not personally acquainted, and said: "Herr professor, may I send you a postcard now and then?" Receiving no reply, she reiterated her question. Menzel ended by nodding his head. "I may, then?" "Send them, if you like," said Menzel: "I have a good large waste-paper basket at home!"—London Telegraph.

The Billycock Hat.

There is much speculation as to the exact nature of the billycock hat which has so suddenly come into royal favor. The dictionary describes it as "a stiff, round, low-crowned felt hat," but in reality it is what is popularly known as a "bowler." The origin of the word is obscure, but it is probably a corruption of "bully-cocked," a term used in the eighteenth century, and signifying hats cocked after the fashion of the bullies, or dashing young men of the period. Correctly written, "billycock" should have no hyphen between the two syllables.—London Express.

A Wonderful Possession.

Imagination is a most wonderful thing. How often does it add a thousand dollars to a man's monthly profits?—New York News.

The Funny Side of Life.

Love's Prisoner.

He who flirts and runs away
Will live to flirt another day.
But he who flirts and stands his ground
Will all too soon be gagged and bound.
—Life.

No Give Away.

Father—"No, John, you can't have another piece of pie."
Son—"O, please, papa! I won't tell mamma—honest?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Blind of Ignorance.

"Were you ever unconscious?" asked the Wise Guy of the Cheerful Chump.
"Not," replied the Cheerful Chump, airily, "that I was ever conscious of."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Why She Quit.

"Why was it that they couldn't get along together?"
"Oh, he stuttered so badly that she never had time to wait around and get in the last word."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lover of Animals.

"He's a great lover of animals, isn't he?"
"Why, yes. But then, in another sense, I should say his regard for himself was perfectly natural."—New York Herald.

Apprehensions of Chill.

"Don't you dread the cold when you prepare for an Arctic journey?"
"No," answered the intrepid explorer; "what I dread is a frost when I am preparing for my lecture tour."—Washington Star.

His Consideration.



First Bohemian (to second ditto)—"I can't think for the life of me why you wasted all that time haggling with that tailor chap, and beating him down, when you know, old chap, you won't be able to pay him at all."

Second Bohemian—"Ah, that's it! I have a conscience. I want the poor chap to lose as little as possible!"—Punch.

Quite Up to Expectations.

"Your father was disappointed in your monthly report, of course?" said the school teacher.
"No, ma'am," replied the dull scholar.
"No? You don't mean to tell me he was satisfied with it?"
"No, ma'am, but he said he hadn't expected to be satisfied with it."—Philadelphia Press.

Why He Rejoiced.

"Mother writes that she is coming to spend a few weeks with us," remarked the bride of three short months as she glanced over a letter at the breakfast table.

"The saints be praised!" exclaimed the man who had once declared that he could not live without her. "Your mother, at least, is a splendid cook."—Chicago News.

A Distinction.

"What is that serious looking man's business?"
"That of an attorney," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has made a specialty of getting people who were threatened with official investigations out of trouble."

"But he looks so very artistic. I felt almost sure that he paints."

"No. He doesn't paint. He white-washes."—Washington Star.

A Business Man's Sarcasm.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the man who is painfully accurate in his use of language, "that sign in front of your shop is improperly punctuated."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the prosperous merchant.

"Yes, sir. You have omitted a comma."

"Don't tell me any more. I can't bear to think of it. Here I've only made two or three paltry millions out of this business. When I think of the billions I might have made if that comma had been present, I am overwhelmed with remorse."—Washington Star.

BEAUTY'S WAYS.

One Chicago Young Person Followed All the Rules.

"Why, how you look!" exclaimed the book-keeper as she met the stenographer. "Have you been sick?"

"No," answered the stenographer, humbly, "I have just been beautifying."

The book-keeper looked impolitely surprised, and the stenographer continued: "The beauty pages of the magazines have always fascinated me and I read them until I was convinced that there was no reason why I should not be beautiful."

The bookkeeper stared.

"So I followed the prescribed rules for business girls. I shivered through a cold bath each morning, took an hour to put on my clothes, and then had a hearty breakfast, consisting of a peach and two grapes, eaten very slowly. The directions hinted at taking time during office hours to brush one's hair and put on fresh powder, but I did not attempt that, as my employer does not read the beauty notes. It was also recommended that the noon hour be divided equally between lunch and a nap, but it was 15 minutes' rush from the office to the nearest rest room, so I had to shorten the lunch and the nap. The meals did not strike me as particularly strengthening, but the beauty writers said that if one would persist in the diet one's friends would be astonished at the change."

"I am," said the bookkeeper.

"The directions further said that when a business girl reached home at night she should take off her tailor-made and put on something light and fluffy and forget that she is a working girl. I fluffed. Then I ate dinner so slowly that by the time I had finished avoiding the pie and rich pudding I was ready to begin again with the soup course. Then I took a long walk to reduce the size of my hips. At 8.30 I began getting ready for bed."

"Horrors!" shuddered the bookkeeper. "I brushed my clothes, laid out fresh linen, did the physical-culture act for 20 or 30 minutes, took a hot bath, brushed my hair 15 minutes and gave it a tonic, rubbed my neck with a fattening oil, manicured my nails, said my prayers and tried to get eight hours' sleep. Of course, during the training I had to refuse all invitations, but I comforted myself with the thought that the other girls would be jealous of my beauty."

The bookkeeper smiled. "The more I walked the fatter I got. Today I read another article in the same magazine and no doubt by the same beauty specialist, which said that walking developed the hips, the fattening oil darkened the skin and while fruit breakfasts might do very well for ladies of leisure, working girls needed hot steaks. So my whole summer has been wasted."—Chicago News.

Raccoon Meat.

"The wildest meat I ever tasted in my life," said the epicure, "is the meat of the raccoon. It has a flavor about it which you cannot find in any other meat, so far as my experience goes. I have spent much of my life in hunting in the wilder regions of this country, and have had splendid opportunities to know the particular flavors of various wild meats. Deer meat is almost tasteless in comparison with other meats of a wild kind. I was about to say the flavor was scarcely distinctive, but this is not exactly the fact, for there is just a suggestion of wildness about venison if it is not too highly seasoned. Bear meat is just a trifle more wild in flavor, but not wild enough to be offensive to the man whose taste is acquainted with food of a tamer kind. 'Possum' meat is deceptive."

"Possum meat

Am good and sweet." as the old negro song runs, and yet it is a fact that there are but few persons who are capable of distinguishing between carefully prepared and well cooked 'possum meat and the meat of a very young pig. Baked with sweet potatoes and served with the usual condiments it is almost impossible for a man whose taste is not keen to an extraordinary degree to tell 'possum from pig. 'Coon meat is different. There can be no mistake about the meat of this animal. It is strong, awfully strong, and no amount of seasoning, no amount of flavoring will rob it of that taste of wildness which is peculiarly its own. It is not a bad taste when you get used to it. I rather like it if it is properly prepared. There are very few persons who know how to prepare and cook a 'coon, however, and I suppose this is because the meat is rarely found except in more remote sections. But it is good meat, and I would like to see its use more general."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Librarian's Humor.

"What," we ask of the librarian, "do you suppose is the greatest library book in the world—the book that is in the most demand?"

"Carnegie's bankbook," he responds confidently, without looking up from his work.—Baltimore American.

Talk is cheap, even to those who indulge in extravagant remarks.

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.

The Remarkable Experience of a
Prominent Statesman—Congress-
man Meekison Gives Pe-ru-na
a High Endorsement:



Congress Meekison of Ohio.

Hon. David Meekison is well known not only in his own State but throughout America. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh, with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Peruna came to the rescue. He writes:

"I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison, Member of Congress.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

The Original People of America.

Charles Hallock, in a recent article on the primeval American, says that the popular assumption that this country was originally peopled by migrations from the North is erroneous on the face of it. If we wish to learn ancient history we must dig, and digging proves that the primeval people of both North and South America originated from a civilization of high degree that occupied the subequatorial belt about 10,000 years ago, while the glacial sheet was still on. Population spread northward as the ice receded. Routes of exodus diverging from the central point of departure are plainly marked by ruins and records. The subsequent settlements in Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and California indicate the successive stages of advance. The gradual distribution of population over the higher latitudes in after years was supplemented by migrations from Europe and Asia centuries before Columbus.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

In Hungary the legal age of an individual dates only from baptism.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WAT & TRAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The leech is the only animal which possesses three separate jaws.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Footache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water



A very profitable industry of Norway is the drying and pulverizing of fish, which forms a product called "fish flour." Besides having the quality of being very nutritious, it is easily transported, on account of its compactness.

A plan is afoot at Lewiston, Me., to transform the enormous deposit of peat, known as Farwell's Bog, which exists there, into merchantable fuel. A company has been organized to manufacture fuel from peat, the product being known as synthetical coal, because it is formed by synthesis and contains the same elements as coal. This synthetical coal is said to have a heating value slightly superior to soft coal.

A plant for the manufacture of mica has been established at Ottawa. It is employing 150 hands, and it is hoped to have 400 on the pay-roll in the near future. It is operated by an American company, which has gone to America because of the great inducements held out for the establishment of industries on that side of the border. The mica industry is quite a considerable one, as large quantities enter into the manufacture of insulation for electric wires. The total amount of plate mica produced in the United States during 1901 was 300,000 pounds, valued at \$98,000. The production of mica in this country is somewhat curtailed by the importation of Indian mica, which undersells the home product. In 1901 the imports were valued at \$235,050.

The use of cylindrical steel bins for the first time in the new grain elevators at Buffalo has been attended by so much success that this type of bin is being adopted for many other purposes, notably that of carrying cement stocks, for which purpose it is necessary that greater strength be provided than in the case of the grain bins, because of the great weight of the material to be handled. Steel in combination with concrete has been found to be the best for this use, and a plant on these lines is being erected in Chicago. Four huge bins, twenty-five feet in diameter and fifty feet high, are to be erected. These are to be placed so that the space between the bins is also available for storage purposes. The walls of the bins are built of concrete, in which is imbedded wire netting stiffened by horizontal rings of metal from one to three-eighths of an inch in diameter. At the bottom the walls are seven inches thick, and at the top five inches. Each tank is mounted on columns made of steel wires embedded in concrete. The foundation is a monolith of concrete, three feet thick, reinforced by wire netting.

The force of gravity at the earth's surface is measured, on land, by observations on the oscillations of a pendulum. The greater the force of gravity the more swings are made by the pendulum in a given time. Up to the present time the intensity of gravity has been determined with accuracy at about 1500 land stations distributed from nearly eighty-six degrees of north latitude to about sixty-three degrees of south. It is very desirable to determine the intensity of gravity over the immense regions of the earth covered by the oceans. Here the use of the pendulum is of course out of question. A method has lately been devised by which observations of the barometer and of the hypsometer (an instrument that determines the exact boiling point of water) when combined, give by calculation, the intensity of gravity. The method has been applied at a number of stations in the Atlantic, with the general result that the intensity of gravity at a sea station is the same as that of a station in the same latitude at a land station. At first sight this result seems anomalous, because the gravity at any place depends on the mass of the attracting body, and because the mass of a cubic mile of ocean is much less than that of a cubic mile of land. It is known, however, that the density of the ocean floor is much greater than the average density of land, and is shown by the excessive gravity on isolated and small islands. The recent observations by the new method confirm this broad and general conclusion, and they are themselves confirmed by the accurate pendulum observations taken on ice floes above deep water. Finally the results are especially interesting because they were predicted mathematically some fifty years ago by Archdeacon Pratt, of Calcutta.

The Lion of Chaeronea.

The works recently begun for the restoration of the famous colossal statue of a lion, which was erected on the battlefield of Chaeronea, in Boeotia, in memory of the war against Philip of Macedon, are, says the London Standard's Athens correspondent, being actively carried on, under the superintendence of the distinguished archaeologist, M. Sotiriades, who has discovered, on the battlefield, a large tumulus, containing traces of ashes and various fragments, which encourage the hope of finding the tombs of the Macedonians slain in the battle.

SYRUP OF FIGS



Acts Gently,
Acts Pleasantly,
Acts Beneficially,
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.
For sale by all druggists. Price, fifty cents per bottle.

The Japanese Way in Battle.

When the allies lay under the fire from the walls of Tien-Tsin, and to show an inch of head meant death, occurred a striking incident. The Japanese held a row of huts along a canal leading to the south gate of the city, about half a mile away. An interval of 250 yards between two rows of these houses was a zone of death, and the Japanese forces occupied both sides of it. No one knows how many thousand Chinese rifles covered this arena. A Japanese officer galloped up to the shelter of the nearest house and started a soldier with a verbal order across the open zone. Within 30 yards he fell dead. Another soldier, without an instant's hesitation, dashed out with the repeated message, and his body fell at his companion's feet. Instantly, like clock work, as if the whole Japanese army were available to be slaughtered, the officer sent forward another white-uniformed, brown-visaged messenger. To the relief of all onlookers he got safely through.

The Traction Engine on Farms.

The farmland and the farmhouse are rapidly being supplanted on the level tracts of the West by the traction engine. The farms are large, comprising several hundred acres, sometimes a thousand, and usually without trees or stones. Under these conditions the engine can do any kind of work. It is a compact little machine run by gasoline, and not at all like the ordinary attachment to a threshing machine. It runs a "gang plow," with five in a row; three or four harrows at a time; is coupled when desired to a separator for threshing grain, runs the mill for grinding cattle feed and hauls farm wagons to market laden with grain. In fact, there is scarcely a thing about farmwork that the little traction engine will not do.

Where Connecticut Got Its Name.

It might be imagined that Connecticut is called the "land of steady habits" on account of the exemplary conduct of its citizens. But it obtained that title in a different manner. John R. Matthews told just how recently at the Waldorf-Astoria. "In the early colonial times," he said, "it was the custom to provide every one who assisted at a dedication, church building or barn raising with a 'hooker' of good Jamaica rum. These functions, needless to say, were popular. When the charter creating Connecticut a crown colony arrived there was, of course, a celebration. The first governor, John Winthrop, refused to provide rum and in his inaugural address deplored the custom of tipping, saying 'it did not lead to steady habits.' Thereup the Nutmeg State had a title to hand down to posterity.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 21 trial bottle and treatment free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is a notable fact that most of the subjects of King Edward VII. are Hindoos.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The dentist that hurts the most doesn't always charge the least.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Exports of cattle have increased twenty per cent. in five years.

Jamaica Pisco's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thomas Robinson, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1903.

Cleverest Woman Politician.

Miss J. N. Strong, private secretary to ex-Congressman Hawley, of Texas, is credited with being the cleverest female politician ever seen in Washington. She is conversant with every county in Texas, knows every man of prominence in the State and attends to nearly all details of Federal patronage there. It is related of her that she once went to see a Cabinet Minister in regard to a place for a Texas constituent. The official was not disposed to give the place to her applicant, but in a pleasant and courteous manner said: "I am sorry to disappoint you after looking into such pretty eyes." "It seems to me, then," was the quick answer, "that the eyes ought to have it." The Cabinet officer was so pleased with the retort that he made the appointment.

THE KRUGER DIAMOND.

Interesting History of a Most Unlucky Stone.

From South Africa comes what purports to be a history of the great diamond which President Kruger took with him to Europe, and which he has probably disposed of, though in what way is still a mystery. It appears that the stone originally belonged to Mosbesh, a Basuto chief, who was compelled to surrender it to Tshaka, the Zulu king. Tshaka's brother wanted it, killed the king to get it, and held it in possession until he came to grief at the hands of another Zulu chief.

Found Ring in a Fish.

Henry Buermann, of New York, found what he says is a solid gold wedding ring in the stomach of a fish. Buermann, who has a cafe at No. 8 Barclay street, stopped at a front street fish store and bought a half of a 16-pound cod. The cod had come from Boston on the Bay State cold storage car the night before, and was already nicely cleaned. But when he was preparing it later he found the ring imbedded in the ribs. The ring is more than a quarter of an inch in breadth, and bears the inscription, "Law to Lou, '89."

Chicago Through British Glasses.

Chicago's university professors are called "slangy freaks" by a recent British visitor, on whom all the hospitalities of the town had been "poured in sparkling showers." But as he also called its policemen "porcupine sluggards," honors are comparatively easy between the cops and the faculty, anyhow, with the rest of the community looking on rather amused than otherwise.

RIPANS

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tabuics. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for the many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.



Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

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ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. J. H. GREEN'S BOOK, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

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